

Time, however, was rather slow in passing. The riches of the one to the poverty of the other, but did eventually so far succeed, that Jones began to care about half as much for Johnson's necessities as he did himself—and here we come to our story.

How had employed a skillful mechanic to repair his chair, and the business being done, as was his custom, he thought no more about paying than Dives did of Lazarus. The needy creditor had suffered his wealthy debtor to stand in his books longer than the usual time, for he was (as a poor tradesman often is) in the clutches of the rich! He asked, "as great a man as Mr. Jones" for so paltry a sum. At length (for Patience herself will sometimes grow impatient) the poor man called himself. Mr. Jones could not look at his bill then: he had a particular friend with him. (Johnson was there.) He ought call again next month. The humble man turned away from the proud man's door with weary foot, for he had received some blows. The month passed away, and he called again, but he could not see him: "Thompson, his particular friend" (Johnson was there.) He might call again in a week: he called in a week: he was not at home: (his still more particular friend, Wilson, was there then): "call again," he did: he was not up: "call again," he did: he was not down: "call in the city," he was out of town: "call at the village," he was in town: in short, let him call when he would, or where he would, it was to no purpose.

Charles's humane heart was shocked at the evident reluctance of Jones to part with his money; and resolved, when an opportunity offered, to punish his unfeeling friend in some way that should exhibit his covetousness in its true light. In the meantime, (by one of those accidents in the life of a poor man of letters, which ought to admit him into an hospital as much as a broken leg, and, thus, by keeping him in at Bartholomew's, keep him out of Bedlam) happening to have ten guineas in his pocket, he bravely paid the poor mechanic the five he so much wanted, contenting himself with the hope that when he had thoroughly shamed his penurious rich friend thoroughly again into feeling he should get repaid.

An opportunity soon served for his scheme. Jones had lately had a large estate in the West Indies, bequeathed to him by a rich bachelor uncle, and was in daily expectation of receiving the proceeds. Johnson, by some means, had heard of the arrival of the agent at Liverpool, but concealed the information. In the meantime Jones betrayed such a feverish impatience to finger the expected cash, that, what with phlebotomy and passion, and the megrims into which every day's disappointment threw him, he took to his bed. It was now that Charles determined to effect, if possible, a cure of his rapacious love for money, and to revenge the neglect and wrong he had done to the sick creditor.

Accordingly, on the following morning, before the city shop-boys had watered the usual rings in the dust of the dog-days, he was at Jones's door, dressed in all the light importance, and loose panthea trousers, of a warm West Indian. The knocker was as yet unsmiled: he knocked importantly; and after a reasonable dressing-time, descends an Appearance in a mob-cap, with a dull, death-watching face, and a mouth yawning to the circumference of a Dutch oven: it was Mrs. Shuffbottom, the night nurse. "Mrs. Jones, I presume, Madam?" said Charles, bowing most respectfully to her inaudible lat shoes. "No, Sir," simpered the flattered feminine, very proud of the mistake, "Mrs. Shuffbottom, night-nurse, &c. at your service," curtseying herself down to about half her attitude. "Well then, good morning to Mrs. Shuffbottom, at your service! Pray how is Jones this morning? I've just arrived from the West Indies, and the first thing which I hear is, that Jones, my dear gentleman, is ill?" "Yes, Sir, indeed, Sir, poor dear gentleman, he's had five physicians!" "Five physicians, indeed! He must be a hale, hearty man to survive such an attack! Five physicians! poor man! poor Jones! Good morning, Madam; my compliments, and all that." "May I have the honour of your name?" curtsied Mrs. S. "Oh certainly, certainly! Hurricane, Madam—Mr. Hurricane, from the West Indies—Hurricane, the agent—You'll wake poor Mr. Jones, if he should happen to be asleep, and tell him that I called, and not wishing to disturb him, will call again." "La! Sir," exclaimed Mrs. S., "you are the very gentleman that Mr. Jones is so anxious to see!" "Very possible—very likely; but really I cannot wait: I've my cousin Thompson to call on, and condole with him on the death of his wife's pug-dog—poor things, they have no children, and such a loss is consequently very terrible!" "But he's so anxious to see you," urged Mrs. S. "Ho! certainly he shall: but I must see Thompson immediately: you'll say my name is Hurricane—Hurricane: I am in the greatest possible haste, or I would wait on Mr. Jones. Good morning, Madam! Hurricane—you'll remember! tapping Mrs. S. on the elbow impatiently with a walking cane; and then off he went, leaving the nurse in all womanly wonder at his coolness.

Two hours are past, and he has again knocked at Jones's door, as if he would knock him down who opened it; and again Mrs. Shuffbottom descends in all the freshness of a laced tucker, dounced apron, morning gown, and 'shining morning face.' "Well, how's Jones now?" "The powers of goodness!" exclaimed she, lifting up her hands and her eyes; "I'm as glad as a May-quen that you're come back so soon, Sir! Poor Mr. Jones, as soon as he heard that a white gentleman from the West Indies had called, leaped out of bed like a lunatic madman." "Just so! Then he is better! I'm very glad to hear it indeed—very! Good morning, Madam, and my compliments, and whatever is usual to be said on these interesting occasions." (Going.) "But, my dear Sir, remonstrated Mrs. S., seizing him by the button, the wishes of all things to see you; pray now do, dear Mr. Harry Cane, walk in! im-

phored the kindly nurse. "It's impossible, my dearest Madam!" "But, Sir, I insist," insisted she. "Very good; but he must not die till I see him: I've a positive engagement with my particular friend, Wilson, who is leaving town for his country house at Kingston. The resigned old gentleman would think me particularly unfeeling if I did not see him off." "Well, but my dear Sir—Mrs. Shuffbottom," said Charles, with mock earnestness and solemnity of manner, "it is impossible. Good morning, and my compliments as before." (Gone.) Mrs. S. looked at astonishment, and quietly shutting the door, and then opening it again, to look once more at the author of her wonderment, she shut it, and went up stairs to poor Jones, who was more sick with impatience than any other complaint, and told him what a strange gentleman "that Mr. Harry Cane" was. "The man must be a brute, to trifle with a dying man!" vociferated Jones, as he pushed his nearest guest out of the room, and half way down the stairs. "If I had ever treated any man so, I should have deserved this!"—and then he kicked his rheumatic and venerable valet into the ante-chamber.

At eight o'clock Charles returns: the knock, the Mrs. S. and the "Well, how's Jones?" again occur: to which the nurse, who had not yet recovered from the redness with which she had been thrust out of the bed room, answered, "Ah, Sir, poor Mr. Jones is certainly mad, and will not outlive this day!" "Exactly so," replied Charles, coolly playing with his cane; "then I'll call to-morrow; for I have promised to meet the very best fellow in the world, my friend Jackson. Good morning, Mrs. Shuffbottom." (Gone.) "He would have said, but the good nurse at that moment remembering the push she had had down stairs,—or else impatient at the supposed Mr. Hurricane's prevaricating puttings off, shut the door in his face, and went off in a huff.

At nine he returns, and rings, for he was afraid the lion's head would not answer his inquiries, as it was by this time muffled in white leather, and looked totally sick and silent; but the wary Mrs. S. saw through the blinds that it was her old trouble, and perhaps out of a momentary spirit of revenge for the violence which had been done to her sacred office and more sacred person, refused to open. At ten, therefore, he sends a ticket-porter, with instructions to ring long and loud: this succeeds, and down descends the surly nurse, looking as if she could wring his nose as long as he had rag the bell. "Ho—a gentleman wants to know whether Mr. Jones could see Mr. Hurricane some time next week?" Jones heard this message and lost the little patience he ever possessed, bawled out, "Tell the rascal to come here immediately, or I'll have him arrested for embezzlement, and teach him what it is to trifle with a dying man!" The porter departs growling, and at 12 another comes to say, that the gentleman would wait on him to-morrow, as soon as he had seen Mr. Simpson, his tailor. At one, a third inquires how Mr. Jones was at twelve; at two, the same porter comes to know how he was at one; and at three Johnson himself re-appears, and ringing louder than before, Jones is heard, in the distance, swearing like a catpaw. "Tell the baroness Barbados to come up stairs, or I'll send the contents of a blunderbuss after her heels!" were the last words of Jones, as his man opened the door, with an "Ah, how do ye do, Mr. Johnson?" "How's Jones now?" asked Charles, with a negro-bullying, West Indian sort of voice, that seemed to be half choked with raw rum, raw sugar, and suffocating cigars. At this critical juncture, Mrs. Shuffbottom appeared from a side parlour, and Jones at the stairhead, in his bed gown and velvet cap. This was an unexpected development. Charles was now compelled to enter in; and being asked his motive for such an unseasonable frolic, and having explained, "that it was to teach him, who had been insolent to the sickness and patience of another, the cruelty of being trilled with, and the pain which is worse than sickness, of seeing man indifferent to the sufferings of his fellow man," (here he produced the poor chase-mender's receipt for his five guineas,) Jones saw, with a blush, the cruelty of his neglect of the needy creditor, and taking Charles by the hand pressed it with more than his usual warmth, forgave him the manner of his lesson, forgot his megrims; and patiently waiting the arrival of his agent, (who came the next day with the immense revenues of his estate,) is now a man of great wealth—gives liberally to all who want, that don't deserve to want—Is kind and considerate to all whether poor or rich; and loves his friend above all men, as the man who taught him the true value of wealth, and that it can only give happiness where it bestows the means of making those happy who are less the favorites of Fortune.

Nothing can be more gratifying to some of the best feelings of human nature, than that amiable, yet almost obsolete custom of adorning with flowers the graves of those we loved. The practice once prevailed among many of the most celebrated nations of the ancient world. The Medes bequeathed it to the Persians, from whom the Greeks adopted it, and Pythagoras introduced it into Italy. Many of those immortal worthies whose names have descended to us through classic channels, have had their memory dignified by the record, that their surviving friends deemed them worthy this token of their love. The urn containing the ashes of Philipinas was covered with chaplets of flowers. We learn, also, that the grave of Sophocles was embellished with roses and ivy, if the epitaph, written by Simonides, deserves that construction—a metrical translation by some one unknown, we offer— "Wind gentle evergreen, to form a shade Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid. Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine With blushing roses and the clusterine vine. Thus with thy fading leaves, with beauty long, Prove grateful emblems of the joys he sung."

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1850.

MARRIAGE PROMISE.

That feeling of enthusiastic devotion towards the weaker sex which made illustrious the age of chivalry, is now but a tale of other times. The ignoble refinements of modern ages, have dissipated it, no completely as the rising sun "dissipates the mists of the morning upon the mountain top." Truly has the poet sung "the days of chivalry are gone." Pious men, now, not only contemplate Moore's "last best gift" as a being upon an equality with himself, but often as an inferior, for whom he feels no longer the romance of admiration, and with whose feelings he may spare for an hour, "then throw them idly by." This state of things is not less lamentable than true, as is abundantly evident from the number of love-lorn damozels who are driven to the tribunals of justice for the purpose of redressing the wrongs inflicted upon their affections by faithless lovers. The violation of a marriage promise, is becoming an every day occurrence, and the moment the injured party appeals to the laws of her country, for the purpose of healing her lacerated feelings, and punishing her treacherous swain, she is laughed at, and contemned, by all the fraternity of bachelors, and even the public journals, and in the circumstance subjects of wit and sarcasm which tell their cruel tales.

Now against all this, we solemnly enter a protest, and here openly declare, that so far as our feeble efforts may avail in correcting public sentiment on this subject, we will gallantly shed our last drop of ink in the cause.

If it is improper that the kindly affections of an innocent young girl should be made the sport of every gay Lothario, it is surely proper that such conduct should be avenged. The laws of society forbid, on the part of the lady, an appeal to mortal combat.—Whence then is her redress? It is only by an appeal to the purse of the delinquent. If he jingally withhold his love, it is but just and proper that his money should be substituted,—the payment of which, operates as a curative for wounded feelings—and a punishment to the faithless lover. It might be supposed from the hue and cry that is raised against a young lady, whenever she arraigns her hard hearted deceiver at the bar of justice, that the custom was peculiar to the United States, and but of very modern date. Such, however, is not the fact. It prevails among many nations; and we are pleased to be able to adduce, in confirmation of its correctness, the practice among the aborigines of our country, whose simplicity of manners and unsophisticated opinions are of high authority, on all questions of this kind.

From an enterprising and intelligent trapper, who within the last year, has visited the Muscogee Indians, a tribe who retire from the borders of the U. S. to have adopted the customs of our conventional society, we have derived the following narration of a case, which we are informed is one of no uncommon occurrence among them.

A young Muscogee squaw of great beauty, had instituted a suit, in accordance with the rules of Indian jurisprudence, against a warrior of the same tribe, a son of one of the principal chiefs of the nation, for a breach of a promise of marriage. Tunucumagee, for by that name was the faithless lover called, was distinguished for his prowess in battle, his personal strength, and his admiration of the squaws of his tribe.

The case excited great interest, and drew together at the time of the trial, a vast number of Indians. Our trapper being of an inquisitive turn in regard to the customs of the red-men, attended the investigation, which took place, under a huge sycamore. As the Indian, do not possess that instinctive beam—the trial by jury, the whole powers of the court are vested in the judge, who in this case was a step old warrior, with locks bleached by the snows of 60 winters. Both parties were personally present in court. The injured squaw, who was called Kishawante, opened the case, in an impassioned and touching manner,—dwelling with great pathos upon the tender passion, her betrayed love, the laceration of her feelings, &c. After she had completed her exordium, she proceeded to state the evidence of a promise of marriage from Tunucumagee, which consisted in his having visited her several times at her father's wigwam, smiling upon her most kindly, and making her some presents. During the recital of the little undeviable attentions, that she had received, and which are said to be so powerful with young hearts, Tunucumagee stood proudly erect, with a scowling brow, occasionally shaking his head with ineffable disdain. Kishawante next opened a large pouch made of a wolf's skin, tastefully ornamented with beads and bones. From this she withdrew a bunch of beautiful feathers, several yards of red flannel, and a variety of trinkets, which she alleged had been given her by the faithless swain then at the bar of justice. Under these accumulating proofs of his perfidy, Tunucumagee evidently quailed. The little misadventures of personal intercourse, were not susceptible of proof, but here were the tangible evidences of his treachery, particularly the red flannel, which had been purchased of the trapper, and he being present, all efforts at evasion would have been useless. Here, after two or three pathetic pous-ous, which

the trapper could not exactly comprehend, the plaintiff stated her case.

A profound silence of several minutes ensued, when the old judge beckoned to Tunucumagee to proceed with his defence. He rose under evident embarrassment, and attempted an explanation and even justification of his conduct. He admitted that he had several times called upon Kishawante but from a feeling of friendship, to drive away the gloom which could not be employed in war and the chase. To esteem, he referred the donations of the flannel and feathers.—But as to the killing hawk, and undeviable attentions about which Kishawante had talked both long and loud, he denied them most vehemently. The concluding part of his defence if we may credit the account of the trapper, was powerful, sententious, and unusually eloquent. There was throughout that biting strain of sarcasm which occasionally distinguishes the retorts of a savage when deeply excited. During the whole of his discourse, Kishawante sat leaning her copper coloured cheek upon her hand, with a wan, discomfited air. She was evidently greatly disturbed, and under the sarcasms of the conclusion, she fainted. The whole crowd was thrown into confusion, and it was not until odoriferous herbs had been applied to her nose and some bears oil rubbed on her forehead that she revived.

The old chief with that promptness of decision, characteristic of the aborigines, proceeded at once to give a decision on the case; in doing so, he dwelt largely upon the social relations—the marriage state—and the cruelty of sporting with the affections of a young and artless squaw. He contrasted such an ignoble course, with the more glorious one of pursuing the buffalo and the painter, or meeting an enemy in the field of battle. He concluded by ordering that Tunucumagee should give to the injured Kishawante another piece of red flannel, a silver bracelet that was then dangling from his nose, and one dozen cow skins.

He had no sooner concluded his sentence than the young squaw sprung upon her feet, slapped her hand upon her breast, and cried out for joy, "now me ready to be courted again." Tunucumagee stood erect and silent for a minute, then uttering a loud whoop, deliberately walked towards his wigwam.

We have now, we fancy, clearly shown that among this unsophisticated people of the west, there is a precedent, which justifies our ladies in appealing to that tribunal whose decrees can alone bind upon the wounded feelings of disappointed love, by reaching the purse of these ungallant deceivers of modern times. This precedent is one, that should for ever put at rest all further sneers and cavilling upon the subject. And in conclusion we have only to suggest the expediency, on the part of those ladies who are about to be courted, of carefully preserving all the little memorials of affection which their lovers may present them; and if occasionally, they could contrive to have a witness, secretly observe the billing tokens, that so often take captive lovely woman's heart, they would be greatly the gainers by it: for it is thought by our intelligent friend, the trapper, that if Kishawante could have proved the nameless little blandishments to which she referred, the cruel Tunucumagee, instead of one, would have been mulct in at least two dozen cow skins.

MEXICO.

The late accounts from Mexico represent that country as being on the eve of a civil war. The election of a President took place on the first of September and excited throughout the Republic great interest and commotion. There were two candidates for this office, Don Vicente Guerrero, who is called the "Hero of the South," and Don Gomez Pedraza the present minister of war, and nicknamed, the "Second Emperor of Mexico." Guerrero's party is said to be composed of violent spirits. Gen. Guerrero himself is a patriot, who early declared for independence and bravely fought for it through all reverses. He is called a "generous good hearted chieftain," well disposed towards strangers of all nations. On the other hand he is capital at cockfighting, gaming and at an intrigue; and with all, has no knowledge of diplomacy nor one requisite attainment for the Presidency.

Pedraza, his competitor, is a man totally different. He was an officer under the Spanish Government until the declaration of independence, and is a man of fine talents and firmness.

The followers of Guerrero are averse to order, and if disappointed in his election, will, it is feared, bring about a revolution. The election of President is made by the states nineteen in number, composing the Mexican Confederation. By the last accounts from Vera Cruz, the votes from twelve states had been received, nine of which had voted for Pedraza and three for Guerrero, which had produced among the followers of the latter a great degree of excitement. It appears that Gen. St. Anna, the particular friend of Gen. Guerrero, and an advocate of his claims to the Presidency had seduced four or five hundred troops at Xalapa, and marched to take possession of the fortress of Parot, with the avowed object of supporting by arms, the pretensions of his favorite to the office of President. There are two principal sects in Mexico, the *Tehuacan* who support Guerrero, and the *Yucatan* who favor the claims of Pedraza.

Our minister, Mr. Poinsett, is accused in the Mexican *Sol* of having taken part in this contest, and of being the agent of Spain, in attempting the reconquest of the country.

NOTIONS OF THE AMERICAN.

Picked up by a Travelling Bachelor, in February, 1850.

Those who may be led to suppose, from the title of this work, that it is one of a light-hearted character, hastily gotten up and but crudely digested, will be agreeably disappointed in its perusal. So far from being a work of that kind, it is rather a grave philosophical dissertation upon the United States, prepared with labour and research, and rich in such information as cannot fail to prove, both acceptable and instructive to foreigners, as well as to the citizens of this country. The character of the work may be partly collected from the preparatory remarks of the author, where he says:

"A close and detailed statistical work on the United States of America, could not keep its place as an authority for five years.—What is true this year, would the next be liable to so many explanations, that the curious would soon cease to consult its pages. The principles of the government, and the general state of society, are certainly more permanent; but the latter varies rapidly in the different stages of a life that is so progressive. Nothing more has, therefore, been attempted here, than to give a hasty and general sketch of most things of interest, and to communicate what is told, in an unpretending and familiar way, as the subjects themselves would conveniently allow."

It will, no doubt, be objected to the work, and we grant with some little force, that it partakes too much of the *color de Rose*, but not more, perhaps, than is admissible, or indeed inevitable in a work by a native American, which is intended to present the better points in our character and condition, as an object to the numerous accounts that foreigners have published of this country. That Mr. Cooper, with all his bright painting, is incomparably nearer the truth, than any of the De Russes, Parkinsons, Jansons, and Quarterly Reviews, that have hitherto obligingly favored the public with their opinions of the United States, will be doubted by no candid reader of these respective works.—On this subject we will let him speak for himself. "The writer has said very little on the subject of the ordinary vices of mankind, for he has hoped that no one will read his book, who has yet to learn that they exist every where. If any one shall suppose that he wishes to paint the people of America as existing in a state superior to human passions, free from all uncharitableness and guile, he takes the liberty to assure him, he will fall into an egregious blunder. He has not yet met such an elysium in his travels."

Mr. Cooper's reputation in various parts of Europe, as a novelist, is known and appreciated, and the publication of this work in London, under such circumstances, is calculated to give it a general circulation, particularly in England; and to secure for it that consideration and confidence, which cannot fail of correcting public opinion in regard to this country.

Among the more important matters that are discussed in a pleasant and sometimes luminous manner, by our author, may be enumerated, the character and genius of our government and its subjects—the national debt and revenue—the army and navy—slavery—the vegetable and mineral productions of the soil—the physical resources of the country, in connexion with her rivers, lakes, and canals—the morals, manners and customs of the people—the judiciary and criminal code—the aborigines—our literature and literary men—poets, painters, politicians &c. These with a great variety of other subjects, are embraced in the work; indeed, there is scarcely a topic on which a foreigner may wish information, that is not treated of briefly to be sure—in these volumes.

New York and the New-England states occupy a large portion of this work, which arises, we suppose, from the fact that Mr. Cooper is personally conversant with those parts of the United States, and not with the Southern and Western sections. This argues favorably of his accuracy, as it shows an unwillingness to describe minutely, the character and country of a people, known to the writer, only by the reports of others.

Making proper allowances for the *amor patriæ* of the writer, which, as has been already stated, may have induced him to give, in some instances, too much vividness of colouring to his sketches, we still think that no American can read these volumes without more elevated anticipations of the future greatness of his country, and without more fully appreciating the numerous blessings which he enjoys under our free and happy government, and which are not always properly estimated, from the fact that we are perfectly familiar with them.

It may be proper to add that the author does not write under his own name, but represents himself as a foreigner travelling through this country, and giving his opinions of it to his companions in Europe.

We shall occasionally offer some extracts, from the work, for the gratification of such of our readers as may not have opportunities of seeing it.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

We understand that the visitors to the institution are much gratified with the character and extent of the present exhibition. A catalogue has been published, from which it appears that there are about one hundred and seventy paintings, and other specimens of art in the Academy. Appended to the catalogue is an address to the public, from Mr. Robinson, on the importance of cherishing the fine and mechanic arts. We are informed that the incipient steps have already been taken for connecting with this Academy, a Mechanic's Institute, and that a number of our most intelligent and public

spirited citizens, belonging to the mechanical professions, are co-operating in the measure.

In the catalogue we find "No. 160, A new invented *STABBING MACHINE*." Had we not enough instruments of death already? Or is this one which will kill without pain? We trust that the Board of Directors will not permit any models of this bloody machine to be taken, until our political paroxysm of excitement shall have abated.

ANCIENT STATUES.

On a hill near Brescia an Italian city, there has stood from time immemorial a large marble column. With this relic of antiquity there was a tradition connected that it belonged to a temple of Hercules which formerly stood at that point. For two years past excavations have been making on the spot, in consequence of which monuments of ancient architecture and various Roman inscriptions have been brought to light. At last the foundations of an immense temple were uncovered, with entrances to several covered passages containing niches. These were examined in July last, and in one of them was found a colossal winged victoria of bronze of admirable workmanship. In another six large busts and a part of a horse. In a third a richly gilt statue of a captive king, and a colossal arm, both of fine workmanship. The eyes of the king and victoria are of onyx. All these articles are in a fine state of preservation.

COMMERCIAL LAW.

A case was recently decided in New York which involved the question of what constitutes a delivery of cargoes from vessels, and the time when the responsibility for goods, devolves upon the consignees. Several owners and agents of packet vessels were examined, who testified that they had always considered goods removed from their responsibility the moment they were passed over the ship's sides, and freed from the tackle, though they admitted, that they had occasionally separated and set apart on the shore the several parcels of different consignees. In this case, suit had been brought, for some bales of cotton that were not received by the consignees. It appears that all the cargo had been discharged promiscuously upon the wharf. By the decision in this case it appears to be the law, that the delivery of goods to a consignee is not completed until they are not only passed over the ship's side, but also carefully separated from other parcels, and set apart in a manner that they may be at once designated. Hence, if there were but one parcel of goods delivered, the responsibility of the carrier would cease, when they were passed over the ship's sides.

LITERARY AND THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Messrs. E. Lane & Co. of New Orleans have liberally given, for the establishment of a Literary and Theological Seminary in the vicinity of this city, a sum, which they guarantee shall within the next three years amount to \$4,000, and one fourth part of the proceeds of their mercantile establishment thereafter.

A Board of Trustees has been appointed, who are now making an effort to procure other endowments, and to carry into effect the establishment of the Seminary, on the plan suggested by the projectors.

Robert Boal Jr. Jabez C. Tunis and Robert Wallace, have been appointed a Committee to examine farms in the vicinity of this city, for the selection of one on which to erect suitable buildings for this institution.

Individuals having farms for sale, or wishing to donate a piece of ground for this purpose, may make application to said Committee.

Preservation from Fire.—Professor Aldini of the Institute of Milan, has invented a method of preserving firemen from the action of the flames. This is accomplished by means of a suit of mail armour, composed of metal and amiantos, with which the body is covered, and which is so arranged as to leave the body and limbs entire liberty of action. The experiment has been several times made with perfect success, in the presence of many distinguished persons. Firemen clothed with this armour exposed their face and hands to the action of the flames, for the space of five minutes without any increased difficulty of breathing, or sensible augmentation of the heat. At one of these experiments, a fireman passed near thirty times through the flames without the smallest inconvenience. This dress is so constructed that it may be put on or taken off without loss of time.

Professor Aldini also states, that a metallic net possesses the property of resisting and indeed of extinguishing flame. There is, however, nothing new we believe in this. If we recollect correctly, Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp for preventing the explosion of hydrogen gas in mines, is constructed, simply by surrounding the flame with metallic net work.

It is stated on the authority of letters from Amsterdam, that the project of uniting the Gulf of Mexico with the Pacific Ocean, is about to be revived under the patronage of the government of the Netherlands, which has entered into a correspondence with the government of Central America for that purpose. The individual, General Van-Ver, sent out on that business, has returned to Eu-

rope, and several persons from Central America are proceeding to the Netherlands for the necessary arrangements. Some of the Dutch government have been offered a large sum for the enterprise.

By a recent law of the government of Hayti a duty is laid on all sales of merchandise. It provides that all the merchants transacting business in the ports of the island are required to take patent. The duties are fixed at a per cent on sales by natives, and one half per cent on sales by foreigners. Merchandise is made liable for the payment of the duty. This law has been approved by President Boyer, and is to take effect on the first day of January 1850.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A letter from Constantinople of the 14th inst., states, that an army of 200,000 men, 100,000 Asiatic horse, was on the march towards that place.

The Emperor Nicholas has refused mediation of England, in the affairs of the key.

The Emperor has availed himself of proffered assistance of the Serbians. Nothing very material has occurred since Choumka. It is certain that the defence of Husien Pascha at that place, caused a most disastrous defeat of the Emperor of Russia. The Turkish made a desperate sortie, in which they were successful. They succeeded in destroying three of the Russian redoubts.

Gen. Ivanoff has died of his wounds. The Grand Vizier, at the latest accounts was about to proceed to Choumka with his men.

The Sultan was engaged in person, attending the works for the defence of Constantinople.

The Porte appears inclined to close the Greek question. Lord Melville, says the London Gazette of the 20th Sept., has been appointed Lord of the Admiralty.

It appears to have been the general opinion at Berlin, that the Prussians will not be able to reach Constantinople this year.

France.—A third expedition is said to be preparing at Toulon, which will sail in a month.

The French Government and the merchants of France, have been making extensive purchases of grain in the north of Europe.

Bolivar.—The Organic Decree of Bolivar, signed by him at Bogota, on the 24th August, has reached the United States. It vests him with most of the powers heretofore given to Congress. It makes provision for the calling of a convention, but postpones until the 2d of January, 1850.

This Decree confers on Bolivar the power of preserving internal order and tranquility; of commanding the land and sea forces; of declaring war and forming treaties; of appointing and removing all officers of the republic; of making decrees, regulations, and abrogating existing laws; of controlling the revenue, of approving or altering the sentences of court martial; granting letters of marque and reprisal; in short, of doing all that the most absolute dictator could perform.

Bolivar concludes his proclamation of the 27th of August, in the following terms: "I will hold the Supreme Power only as you order me to lay it down; and if you do not make other determinations, within a year I will convocate the National Convention.—Columbians! I will say to you of liberty; for if I accomplish promises, you will be more than free-will be respected; besides, under a Dictatorship who can speak of liberty? I feel for each other—the people who are and the man who rules alone."

An opinion prevails, that Bolivar is rising in patriotism, and is about to form high reputation, by destroying the liberty of his country. Before adopting this sentiment, we should enquire whether the people of that country are sufficiently enlightened for a republican government, and whether the course, adopted by Bolivar, is not to which he has been prompted by the patriotic considerations. A long life of duress and heroic labour for his country should at least induce his contemporaries to withhold an opinion, inimical to his character, until his conduct shall have placed defection beyond all doubt.

South America.—General Miller, from his services in the South American struggle for independence, gained a commission in the three Republics of Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres, has published memoirs of an interesting and valuable character, concerning South America. The population of that country, is given as follows: Buenos Ayres, 100,000; Santiago, 40,000; Lima, 70,000; Chacabuco, 10,000; Bogota, 60,000; Mexico, 170,000; Guayaquil, 36 to 40,000; Rio Janeiro 200,000.

A treaty of peace, it is reported, has been concluded by the Commissioners, between Brazil and Buenos Ayres. It is stated, that Don Pedro was so confident of its final ratification, that he was about sending an official messenger to carry the intelligence to London.

Later intelligence, however, leaves doubtful whether the treaty has yet been concluded.

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